

WAR CRY

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THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S PRIVILEGES

One feature of the Siege Campaign in the interests of the children's work is the Young People's Days that the Commissioner is booked to conduct—the first of which was held at Toronto last Sunday. As will be seen by the report elsewhere, it was a good day, in point of numbers and spiritual results. The Commissioner's addresses, as usual, were models of their kind and eminently well calculated to form character, and bring about spiritual uplift. The Young People of the Army have a most exalted privilege in being permitted to attend such days, and we earnestly trust that those who have attended the meetings at Toronto and Hamilton will take well to heart the lessons to which they listened, and those who have the opportunity to attend these meetings in other towns and cities will not fail to avail themselves of their opportunities.

Youth is proverbially thoughtless and irresponsible; at the same time it is the formative period of life, and as such young people of both sexes cannot over-estimate the value of the messages the Salvation Army has brought into being for their spiritual growth, and we trust that all the agencies for the development of the body, soul, and character will be utilized to the full by them. We also hope that parents, and Young People's Workers will see to it that the Young People have the counsel and encouragement to avail themselves of their privileges.

GENERAL STEELE'S VERDICT ON THE ARMY

At Folkestone, recently, General Steele said he had been over a considerable portion of the globe, and had always found The Salvation Army to be doing a good work.

The first time he met any members of The Salvation Army was over thirty years ago, in Winnipeg. It was a place then of only about 4,000 inhabitants—the population was over 250,000 now—and there was one solitary member of The Salvation Army there, who stood out in the cold, calling upon the people to gather round him. The temperature must have been thirty below zero, a storm raged around him, and people laughed at him, looking upon him as a fanatic or a misguided man. They looked upon the whole thing as a joke. But what had they found since? They had found one of the greatest Organizations on the face of the earth. It led people into the right path. He wished the very greatest success to the Folkestone Corps, and said he hoped the members would work amongst his men in the camps as much as possible.

The Future Is Ours! What Shall We Do With It?

A New Year's Message FROM THE GENERAL

The following appeared in the New Year's Number of the British "War Cry." The year has begun its course, but it is not too late for Canadian readers to profit by The General's words.

MY COMRADES,

The Old Year is passing away, as I write, amidst rivers of blood and tears. Nevertheless, I call on you to greet Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen with Confidence and Hope. The past is gone. The future is ours. Yesterday is like water that is split upon the ground which cannot be gathered up again. Only its record remains. That cannot be altered. When the die is cast—it is cast.

"The moving finger writes; and, having writ Moves on; nor all our piety and wit Shall lure it back to cancel half a line, Nor all our tears wash out a word of it."

No; nothing can now be changed in yesterday. But to-day—to-day is the hand of fate which can be transmitted, by God's blessing, into riches that will never perish—into service that brings attending rewards—into love that will last for ever. That is what we have got to do with the New Year.

Well, I tell you how I think it may be done? Shall I start all. Look up! The Mighty God and everlasting Father is upon His Throne. Whosoever may come or go He will remain. His life and love are not dependent on anything, whether it be good or bad, that happens on the earth, which is His footstool. Trust Him! Say from your heart in your stormy weather what Paul said in his storm, "I believe God!" We may fear. Perhaps so! Wars and rumours of wars will assail them. All manner of voices will cry, "Lo, here, Lo, there!" Many of the old landmarks will be removed, and some of the old boundaries will disappear. One sun after another will go down in the night of grief and doubt and fear. The great men in their haste will curse their Maker and die in many souls. In their calamity and because of their wickedness will find Him not; "Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal—The Lord knoweth them that are His." My Comrades, hold fast to that. Grip It! This God is our God—for 1916—and for ever and ever. He will carry us through!

But we must go further even than this. We must press on in this New Year with the great business of loving and blessing our fellows. The first God our Father, Man our Brother. I call you to a year of faith in God in blessing love of your brothers.

Do not let your heart forget that all men, even the vilest and most selfish, even those who are farthest away from all your ideas of manhood, were like yourself made in the image of the Great Father and that He was their Maker. "What shall I do," said Job, "when God riseth up? Did not the same make me?"

Do not judge men by their worst traits or their wickedest acts. Judge them by their best. Take the good and thank God for it, and try and do to them to pardon the bad, even when it is bad that is done against you; or seems to be done without rhyme or reason. Remember that none of us can truly claim to love God at all unless we love the souls of men. For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God Whom he hath not seen? Impossible! Remember that the love of Christ for man, as well as for God, is the only true and lasting riches—the riches that we may win without money and without price.

And once more. If we are to have a New Year that will yield the right record, it must be a year of Peace. How we long and pray for peace between the nations to end this ghastly war! God send it soon, and make it last a long time when it comes! But I am calling you afresh with all my soul to Peace with God—to a conscience at peace—a heart at peace—a mind at peace—at peace with God.

No more fighting against God.
No trifling with your Saviour.
No more grieving the Holy Spirit.
No earthly love spoiling God's Love.
No self-will opposing God's Will.

My Comrades, this Peace will make a mighty New Year for your own soul. It will make a blessed year for the souls of those in your family and around you. It will make a glorious year in the record of your life. You know where that Peace comes from—you know where it may be found.

God bless you. He will if you will! Now for a Year altogether God's Holy Peace!

Your affectionate General,

International Headquarters, London.

December 27, 1915.

BRAMWELL BOOTH.

INTERNATIONAL

The General has a long list of important engagements early in the New Year, including the Women's Social Work Annual on the 27th, and a meeting with women of the Women's Social Work on the 19th, both of which gatherings will take place at Clapton.

Dewsbury will be visited by The General for a Campaign during the fourth week-end in January; he will spend the last in leading a series of meetings in Birmingham.

In addition to conducting a Sunday's Campaign at Wrexham on Jan. 16th, and Young People's Congress at Glasgow on the 22nd, Mrs. Booth is announced to be with The General at the Clapton gatherings mentioned above; she will also be with him at Birmingham on Jan. 30th.

The Chief of the Staff will conduct Young People's Councils in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, on Jan. 10th.

The health of Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg has sufficiently improved for her to be able to undertake local engagements.

Commissioner Rickard, who had recently to cancel several engagements on account of ill-health, is now better and once more on the warpath.

The much-travelled International Auditor, Colonel Bates, arrived back in London recently, after completing a tour embracing Canada, Japan, Korea, Ceylon, and Australia. The journey, notwithstanding the state of war that exists on sea and land, was completed without untoward incident, and the Auditor-General looks, as he generally does, the picture of health.

At the time of his visit to Montevideo, the capital of the Uruguay Republic, Colonel Palmer was received by the Minister of the Interior, Dr. Felicio Viera, who showed a deeply sympathetic interest in The Army's Work.

Colonel Bullard expects to be in Panama early in the New Year, in which case he will meet Colonel Kyle, who is making the last time one of the places of call on his return from the South American Congress.

Lieut.-Colonel Charles Taylor has been obliged to relinquish the command of the Edinburgh Division owing to ill-health, and is at present taking a short furlough before being given another appointment.

TERRITORIAL

CANADA EAST

The Commissioner will conduct a Spiritual Day with the Cadets on Thursday, Jan. 20th.

On Sunday, Jan. 30th, he will conduct Councils with Toronto Bandsmen in the Victoria Hall, commencing at 3 p.m.

The Staff Songsters will give their Annual Musical Festival at the Temple (Toronto) on Monday, Feb. 7th.

Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs visited Mimico Prison last Sunday.

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Rees will visit London and Hamilton this week for the purpose of inspecting the Rescue Homes in those cities.

Major Moore and Captain Sparkie have gone to Paris (Ont.) to inaugurate a financial campaign for the re-modelling of the Citadel.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Staff-Captain Easton, whose

SCOUTS AND GUARDS COMMISSIONER RICHARDS

MEETS TORONTO LEADERS AND DISCUSSES PLANS FOR AN ADVANCE

The Commissioner and Chief Secretary met the Life-Saving Scout and Guard Leaders of Toronto at their Headquarters on Friday night, Jan. 7th. After having tea together, a delightfully informal little meeting took place, where plans for the betterment of the Scout and Guard Movement were freely discussed.

One of the speakers was a military sergeant, who is Assistant Scout Leader at the Lippincott Corps. He told of his conversion just one year ago, and said how glad he was to be of use to The Army in taking a class of Scouts in physical culture.

Scoutmaster Shill, of West Toronto, suggested that the Scouts should be used more in the work of the Corps; a suggestion that was heartily applauded by all present.

Chaplain Boys, of Ligar Street, raised the question of how to deal with the incorrigible boy, and pointed out the necessity of having a good Chaplain appointed for every Troop.

Brigadiers Adly and Morris and

est letter of all is, perhaps, that from a lady, who encloses a letter to the Kaiser, which she is sure the Captain will do his best to deliver himself!

The letter are acknowledged, and then, if other duties permit, the Captain goes off at once to find the lady mentioned. One promise to write instantly to his mother (in the rush of work he had forgotten to do so); another says, "I've already written to mother to tell her I got saved last night at the Army meeting"; the third, when seen by the Captain, at once earmarks part of his pay for his future wife. In the meantime the letter to the Kaiser is put aside!

This is one of the fine mornings of each week on which the Captain visits the hospitals. His entry is the sign for a round of cordial greetings. How bright and cheerful these ladies are! Here's one who has lain on his back for months—a youngster in the prime of life. A bullet went right through him, fortunately without touching a vital spot. He is just now able to sit up a little.

"My, you're getting along fine!" says the Captain cheerily.

"Yes, sir, I'll be out in one of these days; won't that be ripping?"

"You've got a lot to thank God for, eh, sonny?"

"Yes, sir, and I do thank Him." Going from one to the other the Captain asks various questions.

"Heard from home lately?" "Are the wife and babies keeping?" "Is everything comfortable here?" "What does the doctor think of you?"

"How are the old folks doing?" Hands dive into lockers to fish out the latest letters, photos, newspapers, and the like from home, with such remarks as "Read this letter, Captain," "Look at this photo, sir; been taken since I left home; ain't they a homely lot?"

One produces a photo of his baby, born since his arrival in this country. "What a darling!" says the Captain, and a shadow for a moment flits across his face, as he adds: "Wonder if I'll ever see her?"

Fifth God's blessing you will, so cheer up, old son. This from the Captain.

Here's Brother Speakman, a Salvationist. He fetches from his locker his Salvation Army Jersey. "My greatest treasure," he says.

When he was picked up on the battlefield by the ambulance men and carried to the field hospital, all his clothes were taken away, as is always done. He, however, insisted on having back his jersey, which he was wearing, and it was given to him.

As the Captain was coming out of the mess one day a corporal said: "A man wants to see you in yonder ward." The Captain went to the man and took him to his room. He had been drinking, and, in addition, was a morphia fiend! He had been taking drugs for a number of years. He was a physical condition, however, that the Captain got him sent into hospital, where Army Chaplains visit him.

"I'm ashamed of myself," he said. "I'm miserable; why do I live? Is there any deliverance for me?"

Together they prayed, and the lad went away with new hope, feeling sure that God had forgiven him and would help him to conquer the terrible habit that he had formed. So bad was his physical condition, however, that the Captain got him sent into hospital, where Army Chaplains visit him.

He is making a brave fight against terrible odds, but with God on his side.

The above pen-pictures are descriptive of some of the work of the three Salvation Army Chaplains with the Canadian troops—Adjutant Penfold, Adjutant Robinson, and Captain Steele.

mother passed away on Saturday, Jan. 8th.

Captain Horwood has been transferred from the Finance Department at Territorial Headquarters to the Training College.

Captain Glover goes from the Training College to the Women's Social Department.

Captain Mrs. Bowness is now training for a nurse at the Bloor Street Hospital, Toronto.

Several comrades are reported on the sick list this week. They include Captain Chapman, of Fairbank; Captain Waldroff, of Huntsville; and Mrs. Captain Johnstone, of Campbellford. Pray for our sick comrades.

A little son came to brighten the home of Adjutant and Mrs. Earl, of Filley's Island (Nfld.) on Dec. 22nd, and a similar event took place at Barris, on Jan. 8th, the happy parents being Ensign and Mrs. Russell Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Ottaway, the parents of Mrs. Major Moore, who reside at Barrie, recently celebrated their golden wedding.

They were married in St. Peter's Church, Maidstone, Kent, Eng., in 1865. They emigrated to Canada in 1871, and by thrift and perseverance, increased their holding from five to fifty-five acres. About twenty-two children and grandchildren were present to congratulate the old couple on their wedding anniversary.

CANADA WEST

Commissioner Sowton, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Turner, attended the opening of the Provincial Parliament on Thursday, Jan. 6th.

The Commissioner has decided to hold an Anniversary in connection with the Grace Hospital at the Industrial Bureau, Winnipeg, on Feb. 10th.

The Territorial Secretary will conduct the opening services of the new Elmwood Hall on Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 8th and 9th, assisted by Brigadier Taylor and the Headquarters Staff.

Major Dobbey, the Women's Social Secretary, assisted by the Winnipeg League of Mercy, conducted a meeting with the inmates of the Kilburn Home recently.

Major Combs, the Divisional Commander for Saskatchewan, recently visited in the Regina jail the man, who, at a Salvation meeting at Moose Jaw, confessed to breaking the law, hence his arrest and imprisonment. The Major reports the man is doing well and making progress spiritually.

Staff-Captain Sims, the Men's Social Secretary, is giving away the hundred men's overcoats to deserving men during the week.

At the Watch-night Service at Regina, conducted by Major Combs, nineteen came forward for consecration.

We regret to learn that the mother of Adjutant Merritt, of Calgary, has passed away. The Adjutant, who has been East in order to be present at his mother's funeral, stayed off at Winnipeg on his return and took part in a meeting at the Citadel on Thursday night.

Forty-eight coats are needed for the new children's Home, which is an annex of The Grace Hospital. The price of the coats are fourteen dollars. Perhaps some of our readers will be pleased to donate a coat to the Home referred to.

Captain G. Hodson, Officer in Charge of the St. James' Corps, was lately taken to the hospital suffering with pneumonia. Prayers of

Salvation Army Chaplains at Work

FORMED up on three sides of a square on a rising grassy slope are a number of robust Canadians in khaki. They are standing at attention. The Brigadier-General, with his staff, is in the front, while before him the battalion drums, covered with a Union Jack, are piled.

A Salvation Army Chaplain-Captain steps forward and salutes his brigade officer, the order "Stand at ease" is given, and the Church Parade (it is for this purpose that the men have been brought together to camp, where he arrives about eleven o'clock—rejoicing over a score of khaki-clad men kneeling at the Mercy Seat.

First the Chaplain leads the men in singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." How they sing! He is praying. He petitions for the conversion of the "boys"; for God's blessing on their beloved ones—parents, wives, children—in that far-off "Land of the Maple Leaf"; for the Divine Presence through the coming unknown and difficult days, and for power to withstand temptation. Another song, a Bible-reading, a third song, and the Chaplain commences his address.

"I am a man of God. I serve God and do right, whatever the cost" is the gist of it. These men, strong and stern, a fighting host, like vigorous and outspoken religion—and they get it. The singing of the National Anthem concludes an impressive and soul-moving service.

Another Sunday morning. The Chaplain is booked for a Church Parade at nine o'clock. This over, he eyes to a distant camp for a secondly, and if possible, point him to the Saviour; a young woman tells the Chaplain about her trouble, and asks that her intended husband shall be seen personally by him. The strange—

A further letter asks the Chaplain to visit "My darling boy in hospital, and if possible, point him to the Saviour"; a young woman tells the Chaplain about her trouble, and asks that her intended husband shall be seen personally by him. The strange—

which they are spending with friends in Canada East.

Lieutenant J. Norburg has been promoted to the rank of Captain, and has been appointed to take charge of Kenora.

The dates of the various Young People's Days throughout the Territory are as follows: Manitoba (Winnipeg), March 31st; Saskatchewan (Regina), March 12th; British Columbia (Vancouver), March 20th; Alberta (Calgary), April 2nd.

THE GREAT DRIVE AGAINST SIN

Cheering Progress From Many Fronts Special Meetings Bring Good Results

PRAYING LEAGUE STARTED

Success Attends all Corps' Efforts

We are moving on at Montreal 1, and God is blessing our efforts. The Christmas "Cry" campaign was a huge success. Brother Tom Clark sold a thousand copies and Adjutant Kendall six hundred and forty.

Our Band took up the serenade with a good spirit, and raised five hundred dollars. Then, a volunteer offering, was taken up for light and coal, when a substantial amount of one hundred and twenty-five dollars was raised.

A Praying League has been formed, and comprises all Vancouver, London, Hamilton, Brampton, and Collingwood, who have been blessed by Adjutant and Mrs. Kendall's campaigns for Holiness, have joined, pledging themselves to pray every day for a revival of religion at Montreal. One hundred and three names have been secured.

Special results have attended our efforts thus far, and many souls have sought the blessing of Holiness as well as Salvation. May God help us in this great drive against sin.—T.

LOCALS COMMISSIONED

Bible Classes Prove Attractive

Brigadier Rawling and Staff-Captain White paid their first visit to St. Thomas, and had a good time. The new Locals were commissioned, and number about one hundred. At the Watch-night three new got the victory, and one of them will become a Bandman. A large Honour Roll in colours, with the allies' flags shown, will be unveiled soon, showing twenty-six names.

The Sunday afternoon is now entirely devoted to Bible study, with Adult Bible Classes, and is proving most successful. About two hundred were present the first Sunday. Our Officer, Adjutant Trickey, spoke in the Centre Street Baptist Church to a large crowd in connection with the Week of Prayer—Britannia.

SPECIAL SERVICES

Result in Inspiration and Blessing

On Sunday, Jan. 9th, Brigadier and Mrs. Morchen, our new Divisional Commanders were given a good, old-fashioned welcome at Montreal P.V., and their visit proved to be of much blessing to us. In the morning service the Brigadier spoke on the essentials necessary for a useful life. Mrs. Morchen also spoke, and made reference to the sudden death of her brother, Staff-Captain Wright, after thirty-six years' faithful service.

In the afternoon the Brigadier told us that the whole life of a Christian can be summed up in the three "C's"—Conversion, Consecration, and a constant Connection with God. At night a special address was given on behalf of backsliders. It was a good day, and much blessing was the outcome.—D.

MILITARY WEDDING

AT ST. THOMAS CORPS

The Salvation Army Citadel at St. Thomas was crowded at the wedding ceremony of Band Secretary John Bebbington, and bugler of the 91st Battalion, and Sister Emma Agar, on Wednesday night, Jan. 5th. The large auditorium was nicely decorated with flags, and there was a martial air about the whole event.

Staff-Captain W. G. White was master of ceremonies. After giving out the opening hymn, "O Happy Day," which was heartily accompanied by The Salvation Army Band, prayer was offered on behalf of the contracting parties. Then the bride played "Softly and Tenderly" on the piano, and the groom took up the chorus with a swing.

The bride party then entered the room and the best man, attired in khaki and the bride and bridesmaid in the neat Army navy blue, with white sashes. They were escorted to the platform by Brigadier J. Rawling, the new Divisional Commander. The Brigadier was heartily welcomed, after which Miss E. Yarwood and Robert Veir, the bride was given away by William Agar. The ceremony was very impressive, and many were the offers of congratulation showered upon the young people, who have the best wishes of a long and useful future.—From a St. Thomas paper.

MANY CONSECRATIONS

Christmas Cheer Work Successful

Major and Mrs. Coombe conducted the services at Regina on New Year's week-end, including the Watch-night Service. The Watch-night Service proved very fruitful, as seventeen comrades reconsecrated their lives to God. The Sunday services were also very helpful. Mrs. Adjutant Hinkley's talk proving to be a great blessing.

Mrs. Adjutant Hoddinott conducted the services for the prisoners at the Royal North-West Mounted Police Barracks on Sunday afternoon, and several prisoners gave their hearts to God.

The Salvation meeting at the Hall was a glorious time. There were one brother, a member of the 68th Battalion, sought Salvation. We finished the day praying God, under the Army Flag at the front of the Hall.

Mention might be made that over three hundred dollars was collected in the Christmas Pots, which were on the streets during Christmas week. This amount proved to be quite a welcome increase over the hundred odd dollars collected in 1914.—A. H. S.

IMPROVEMENTS EVIDENT

Special Meetings Well Attended

We are glad to report victory at Calgary 111, even though the fighting at times is a little tough. Since the arrival of Captain Mundy, there has been a steady progress in the right direction, and we feel sure we shall see the result soon.

One specially noticeable advance is in the increase in the Sunday School attendance, which is now nearly double that of a short time ago. We feel, in this connection, a word of praise is due to Sister Bessie Hughes for the great interest she displays in the children, and for her faithful attendance at all the children's meetings. We are also thankful to say that recent converts are keeping true to God.

On Dec. 26th we had with us Captain Townsend. He conducted a very enjoyable meeting at night, and gave us all a strong exhortation to make the very best of our lives.

On Dec. 30th we held a children's entertainment and Christmas tree, which was heartily enjoyed by everyone present. Captain McEwen presided.

On Dec. 31st we held a Watch-night Service from 11 p.m. till 12.30 a.m., in which God came very near. We closed with two precious songs in the Fountain. We all feel encouraged to go on and fight more determined than ever for Christ during the coming year. Hallelujah!—F. G. F.

WINTER CAMPAIGN ON

Many Backsliders Are Returning

Splendid meetings during the past week at Moose Jaw. On Thursday night Bandman W. Odell, in a few, well-chosen words, laid farewell to his comrades, en route for Warwickshire, England. God bless him! On Friday night, in the Holiness meetings, our Winter Campaign was commenced. A soul-melting infusant pervaded over the gathering, and when Staff-Captain Goodwin gave the call to surrender, one sister volunteered for more power, and another—a backslider of two years' hand—who had been a backslider since the war, gave her heart to God.

We are now praying for the Salvation of our comrade's husband, who is a member of the 68th Battalion, C. E. F. Sunday, good meetings all day. At night God came very near, and after a well-fought prayer meeting, a backslider, mother and daughter, came to Jesus. Mother and daughter were soon set at liberty, and the daughter, sister—a backslider from an Old Country Corps—came and found the Saviour she had deserted. Amid tears of joy and cries of praise, the Holy Spirit came, and the sister, tired but happy in His love.

DEBT CLEARED OFF

Meetings Well Attended and Full of Blessing

On Sunday, Dec. 26th, we had a good day at Belleville, and at the close of Mrs. Ruston's address a young lad came to the Cross for Salvation.

Through the effort of the Band and a special meeting, we have been successful in raising three hundred dollars, which will help us to clear off the debt on the furniture and other improvements. The Watch-night Service was well attended; a word of blessing and inspiration being given by the Old Land. Our chaplains, Brigadier Green, and Captain Mapp.

Major Arnold introduced a new chorus, which went with a swing after he had taught it to those present. The soloists were Brigadier Adhy, Brigadier Green, and Captain Mapp.

Lieut.-Colonel Rees asked God's blessing on the day's meetings in the morning session, and Lieut.-Colonel Swinton led in prayer at night, especially remembering comrades absent on account of sickness and those bereaved of dear ones.

Mrs. Colonel Gaskin and Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Rees rendered assistance in dealing with those at the Ventilation Room and in the Registration Room.

An analysis of the returns shows that 43 sought Salvation, 83 Holiness, and 20 Restoration from backsliding. Forty of the seekers were lads and a hundred and six ladies.

The catering arrangements were excellent, for which credit is due to Mrs. Brigadier Adhy, Mrs. Major Fraser, and Major McAmmond.

After a cup of coffee we mailed down Second Avenue, with our Band playing, attracting quite a number to the Watch-night Service. God came very near as the comrades reconsecrated themselves to God.

Sunday was a good day, although quite a number of the comrades were laid aside on account of sickness. The Locals conducted the meetings both morning and night.

DIVISIONAL OFFICERS

Visit Appreciated—Good Meetings

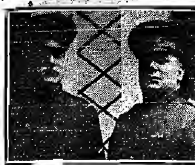
The visit of Major J. to Colman has indeed proved a blessing to us all. A nice crowd gathered to hear the Major, who gave, as usual, a very interesting talk.

The Rev. Mr. Cameron, who has lately been here, said in his talk as Pastor of the Institutional Church, was also present. He admires the work of The Army in this country, and of our work in London (Eng.).

The next evening a meeting was conducted in the Baptist Church. Here, also, the Major made welcome, and a spiritual feast for all was enjoyed. The blessing of God was upon the service, and many hearts were blessed, and it does not yet appear what will be the outcome of the commanding of The Army in Colman.—T. M.

COMMISSIONER SOWTON

At Winnipeg 1.



Envoy Brewer Brown and Treasurer Monek

The Treasurer was converted during the Envoy's visit to Victoria, Ont., two years ago, and this photo was taken during a recent ten-day's campaign conducted in the town by the Envoy.

TORONTO YOUNG PEOPLE'S DAY

(Continued from Page 3)

Throughout the day the Staff Singers assisted with music and song. For half an hour previous to the afternoon and night sessions they rendered selections, mostly to the delight of the Young People. Major Arnold introduced a new chorus, which went with a swing after he had taught it to those present. The soloists were Brigadier Adhy, Brigadier Green, and Captain Mapp.

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MILITARY NEWS

Work Among Boys in Khaki Is Progressing Well.

All Salvationists in khaki who are stationed at the Exhibition Camp (Toronto) were invited to meet the Chief Secretary at The Army Hall on the grounds on Friday, Jan. 14th. The object of the gathering was to give our comrades an opportunity to get to know each other.

Adjutant and Mrs. Turner are getting well hold of the work at the Camp now, and report that the Hall and Recreation Rooms are being used by the men in ever-increasing numbers. Through the untiring efforts of Captain Sparks, additional furnishings are constantly being secured, and provision made for the additional comfort of the troops.

Another large stock of writing paper for use at the Camp has just been donated by Wilson, Murdoch, and Company.

Three hundred "War Cry" are distributed each week by the Adjutant and his wife, and they appear to be much appreciated by the men.

The Band of the 124th Battalion has requested the use of the Parliament Street Citadel for several hours daily, which request has been granted. The Bandmaster of the Battalion is Brother Ayling, a Salvationist.

COMMISSIONER SOWTON conducted the Watch-night Service at the Winnipeg 1. Citadel, assisted by Lieut.-Colonel A. and Mrs. Turner, and the Headquarters Staff. Despite the fact that the city Corps were holding independent services, there was a splendid crowd of soldiers of the King present who with bright congregational singing, and after a season of prayer, Mrs. Colonel Turner read the Scripture, and sang the well-known consecration song, "My All Is On the Altar," which had the effect of bringing a spirit of solemnity on the gathering.

Colonel Turner, in a few words, exhorted everyone to reconsecrate themselves to God for service during the coming year. The Commissioner's address was looked forward to with great anticipation, and his words of advice, counsel, and encouragement will be, no doubt, of great profit to those who had the privilege of hearing him.

As the hands of the clock approached the hour of midnight, the Commissioner called upon all to engage himself to God and "The Army, and believed that God was going to make him and Mrs. Allan a blessing in Calgary.

At the close of the Commissioner's address, Brigadier Taylor took charge of the prayer meeting, and was assisted by Adjutant Howell, the Officer in charge, who is undoubtedly alive to his opportunities, and is working hard to make the most of them. Six souls came forward as a result of the efforts put forth.

Mrs. Adjutant Allan gave expression to a word of farewell, as did also the Adjutant. The latter, in the course of his remarks, stated that twenty-seven years ago he gave himself to God and "The Army, and believed that God was going to make him and Mrs. Allan a blessing in Calgary.

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MONEY FOR WHISKY

Donated to Army—March Around the Hall.

Splendid meetings were held at Moose Jaw during the last week, with one precious soul for Salvation. On New Year's Eve, commencing at eleven o'clock, sharp, a Watch-night Service was held, conducted by Staff-Captain Goodwin. Hosts were so plentiful and winings made right under the mellow influence of the power of the Holy Ghost. Just as the dawn of 1916 was ushered in we had the supreme joy of seeing seven of our best dear comrades and one backslider from Toronto, kneeling for consecration and restoration. Such a sight as this has not been witnessed for years at this Corps.

On Saturday night and all day Sunday we had reinforcement from Estevan in the persons of Privates A. Sims and Smith, of the 123rd Battalion, C.E.F. These two comrades are roll-hot Salvationists, and were a real help and blessing to us.

The Holiness meeting Sunday morning was one of great power. In the afternoon we had a "Straight Talk from Me to You," by the Staff-Captain.

At Sunday night's meeting the soldier lads were to the front with telling testimonies and appeals. And best of all God was with us in a memorable manner. During a well-fought prayer meeting and hand-to-hand encounter, a dear man and his wife came down the aisle and such for mercy. God very soon answered their prayer and set them at liberty. They both afterwards testified—the man telling how (notwithstanding it was Sunday) and this city a so-called temperance city he had an appointment with another party to obtain five dollars' worth of whisky. But he said, "No, God has saved me. I cannot do better than hand the five dollars to the Salvation Army," which he did. And Lieutenant Saunders held about the five one-dollar.

Soon after this one of our comrades from Estevan came down the aisle leading another penitent—a soldier boy of the 123rd Battalion to the feet of Jesus. He went back and got still another. Then followed in quick succession two dear women for Salvation; making in all six precious souls.

We finished by praising God, with a Hallelujah march around the Citadel in luncheon file, led by Staff-Captain Goodwin, carrying aloft the dear old Blood-and-Fire Flag; and the comrades singing:

"You win the one next to you. And I'll win the one next to me. The Fellowship brought to a close one of the best meetings ever held in Moose Jaw. To God be all the glory.

Another of our comrades—Brother Douglas M. Wilmore—joined the service, having enlisted in the 123rd Battalion, C.E.F. God bless him!—Sergeant "Mac."

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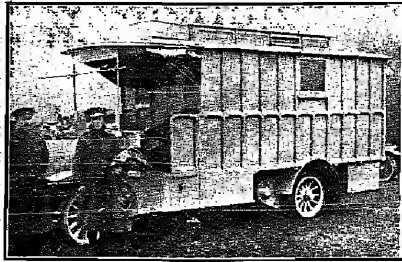
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Bringing in The Wounded From The Front



A New Aid to the R. A. M. C. Officers in France

Bacteriological laboratories are now in use in France for the perfecting of methods of treatment for the wounded.

THE medical organization in the field is under a Director of Medical Services, who, while responsible for the technical working of all units and branches of the medical service within his army, has under his direct control the large clearing stations, established within easy reach of the railway, the motor ambulance convoys, and all sanitary arrangements in the particular army area. The divisional formations are under the Assistant D.M.S. of the division, who controls the field ambulances, dressing stations, aid posts, and sanitary sections in the Divisional area.

To show exactly how these formations work, an eye-witness of the Medical Corps thus describes the passage of a wounded soldier from the front to the base hospital. Wounded while advancing, he has possibly been left lying in the open under a hail of shrapnel bullets, which are striking the ground all round. From this hazardous position he is rescued by two stretcher-bearers.

They will take him to his "regimental aid post," probably situated in a dug-out, in a cellar, or in some sheltered spot giving cover from fire, where he will receive first-aid from the R.A.M.C. officer attached to the battalion. From there he will be conveyed either on a stretcher or, if circumstances permit and a road is handy, in a horse-drawn ambulance wagon, to the nearest dressing station.



A Scene Outside a Lithuanian Cottage which is Used by the Russians for Wounded Soldiers

So soon as he is placed in the ambulance wagon, he passes out of regimental care into the charge of the formations of a division known as Divisional Field Ambulances. The advanced dressing stations are pushed forward as close as possible to the front, and are situated in houses alongside roads so as to facilitate conveyance to and fro.

Upon the arrival of the patient at one of these his wound is carefully attended to, and he is injected with anti-tetanic serum. He is then carried by a motor or horse-drawn ambulance belonging to a divisional field ambulance to one of the larger dressing stations, which has been opened possibly in a school, a convent, or a church in some town or large village situated further to the rear, where he is made as comfortable as circumstances permit, and is given food and drink.

The casualty clearing stations, one of which the wounded man is now brought, are, under existing conditions, generally situated at the railheads, so that patients can be carried direct from them to the ambulance trains. Their position, however, is always chosen with a view to facilitate dispatch by ambulance or train.

It is one of those stations that the patient will for the first time experience the luxury of being attended by nursing sisters and of lying on a bed—probably one procured from the neighbourhood. The length of his stay will depend on the railway facilities, but, as a rule, it will not be

more than a few hours before he is placed on an ambulance train. Once aboard the train he leaves what is known as the "Collecting Zone" and enters the "Evacuating Zone," and at the same time passes out of the charge of the medical authorities of the army into that of the line of communication.

On arrival at a base the wounded man is again carried in a motor ambulance wagon to a fully-equipped permanent hospital—a place of treatment which he now enters for the first time. These hospitals are of two kinds, general and stationary, the difference between the two lying chiefly in the number of patients they are designed to accommodate. All the base hospitals are established in huts, tents, or in buildings suitable for the purpose, such as hotels or casinos.

Those which are unlikely to re-

A New Motor-cycle Ambulance
It is an exceptionally handy little vehicle for special purposes

cover within three weeks and will not be learned by further transport—and by far the largest number comes within this category—are sent to England as soon as accommodation is available on board a hospital ship.

A TRENCH TESTIMONY

Near to Death, But Enjoying Happiness Beyond Degree

A young Salvationist now in the trenches in France, where he has many times been "near to death," writing to a comrade, speaks manfully of his joy in God's service. He says:—

"On Sunday's it is my spiritual birthday. Two years in God's service, and in a few days' time it will be one year in my country's service. My first year for God was hard; but, thank God, it was happy. The second year (the year I've been a soldier) has been harder still, but the happiness has been beyond degree. The bigger the temptations the bigger the victories, and the more joys and pleasures I get out of God's service."

"It was on Siege Sunday in the 'Siege of London' that I gave my heart to God, and I only wish I could have been at home to take part in the 'Siege of Souls,' and to help others to find that peace and happiness that passeth all understanding."—Until the Colours."

GOD'S LOVE

From the island of Ambrim we hear of a beautiful word, the native word for love. Literally translated, it means: "The heart keeps calling, calling for me and 'love of God' in the native Ambrim language is 'the heart-calling of God'."

PROMOTED TO GLORY

Sis. Mrs. D. Coultter, Vancouver I. C. On Sunday before Christmas one of Canada's early-day Salvationists—Mrs. David Coultter—entered into her rest. Mrs. Coultter had been suffering considerably for some time back, and the end was not unexpected. And it found her well prepared, having accepted Christ twenty-nine years ago.

Adjutant Jaynes heard during the Holiness meeting that she was sinking fast, hurried out to their quiet suburban home, and was in time to join the family during the last hour. He found Brother Coultter and the other members of the family in the hour of trial strong in the Lord, and taking Mrs. Coultter's hand in his and the husband's in the other, sang:—

"Is there anyone who can help us? Yes, there's one."

And afterwards, in speaking of it in the meeting, said he felt God come very near.

At Mrs. Coultter's special request Adjutant Gossling conducted the funeral service, and he was assisted by Adjutant Halkirk, who was also a friend of many years' standing. The funeral and the service was largely attended, both by Officers and Soldiers. Brigadier McLean also having made a point of being present.

The following Sunday the memorial service was held in the Citadel; a large audience crowding the building. Adjutant Gossling took charge of the meeting, and many were the testimonies given as to the sterling worth of our departed comrade, but the most striking of all was that of Brother Coultter, who told of how untiring were his efforts behind the scenes.

Practical all corners, Man, where they were converted during the stay of Captain Dawson and Cade H. Gossling, in looking after the material interests of Officers, and in later years by correspondence she

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NEWS NOTES and COMMENTS



A British Pilot Dropping a Wreath Upon a Comrade's Grave in the German Lines

10,000 MILES OF TRENCHES

THE PRESS correspondent at the front has estimated that there are now ten thousand miles of trenches in the western theatre of the European war. He says:—

"In the section of the French lines that I have just been visiting there are already, on a front of just over ten miles 375 kilometers (or slightly over 234 miles) of trenches. To make certainly still more accurate other 75 kilometers (or 46 miles) of other trenches are being dug, so that by the first of the year there will be in that neighbourhood 280 miles of trenches on ten miles of front."

"Elsewhere a certain division has 250 miles of trenches to look after, while a certain corps d'armee has 450 miles. Taking these figures into consideration, one will certainly be under the mark in estimating that there are twenty miles of trenches to every mile of front, so that between Switzerland and the North Sea the British and French armies have at least ten thousand miles of trenches to guard and keep in order."

THE BALLOON SHIP

AMONG the new types of vessel created by this war is the "balloon ship." Mr. Norman Wilkinson, in his book on the Dardanelles, thus describes it at work:—

"The observers in the balloon," he writes, "are able, by their altitude, to see the Turkish gun emplacements, and to correct by signal to the ship firing the fall of her shot. The balloons are very stable, even in high winds. Up to the present they have escaped any damage despite attempts of every kind by the enemy."

Describing the scene at Mudros Harbour, Mr. Wilkinson writes: "I have seen many naval reviews, but nothing to compare in interest with the assemblage of ships that we now witnessed. Destroyers, torpedo boats of all ages, submarines (some fresh with the laurels of raids in the Sea of Marmara), North Sea trawlers, tramp steamers, transports, food ships, motor boats, Greek sailing vessels, motor barges for landing

troops, private yachts taken over by the Admiralty (the Admiralty conducting operations being himself in one of these), and endless other craft."

CHIVALRY OF THE AIR

IT is gratifying to note that some of the deencies of combat are preserved by the new aerial arm in the great war, says the London Sphere.

If, for instance, a machine is brought down within either of the opposing lines it is customary for the captors to drop a weighted letter over the enemy positions giving information as to the fate of the downed machine and a observer. Recently one of these letters fell within the British lines on the front. The men of the trench learnt that a certain pilot had died yesterday before they at once prepared a wreath, which was taken over the German lines on a fast monoplane. Although fired at the pilot succeeded in dropping the wreath from a low altitude (as in the accompanying illustration), and it was at once placed upon the British aviator's grave.

COURTESIES OF WAR

PROF. BERNARD PARES, who accompanied the Russian army, devotes some very interesting pages to the armistices of the eastern front, which go to prove that the courtesies practised by flying officers on the Western front find their counterpart in Poland. Professor Pares writes as follows in his new volume, "With the Russian Army":—

"My flying friends have a small, but very interesting collection of letters which, with the leave of the authorities no doubt on both sides, have been exchanged between them and the airmen of the enemy. It is headed simply, 'Correspondence with the Austrian Section of Aviators.' It opens with a letter from the Russian Chief of Section: 'Airmen of yours have been taken prisoner in civil costume. They said that our officers have also, which we doubt. Please let us know what is the character of the serious wounds of Lieutenant X,' taken prisoner by you on Jan. —. This note was dropped on the Austrian aerodrome with two letters from Austrian prisoners."

"YOUR EVER DEVOTED ENEMY"

THE following answer was received from the Austrian Chief of Section: "My hearty thanks for your letter, which I have just got. I am sorry that I have not had time to drop on you a photograph of the machine of Lieutenant —. On March —th and —th we have dropped you news of your German prisoners (the names follow). I therefore repeat that all four were unharmed, and have probably been transported to the prettiest part of our country, Salzburg. Lieutenants — and — got a shot on their sparking appara-

tus. I have myself had a talk with Lieutenant —. I saw no signs of any wound. In future every note of yours will be answered, and the answer will be dropped on your aerodrome. With best greeting, your ever devoted enemy, August, Baron von Klaudivsky."

"On Easter Sunday an enormous Easter egg with the inscription in Russian, 'Christ is risen,' was dropped from an aeroplane, and having a parachute attached to it, fell slowly on the Austrian lines."

A REMARKABLE OPERATION

A NEW stump has just been grafted upon the body of a British soldier, who lost both arms in action and came back recently with a group of exchanged prisoners from Germany. His arms were amputated so close to the shoulder as to leave no stumps. One of the most brilliant of London's surgeons has now built out a new stump, to which an artificial arm may be attached. He did this by taking out a piece of bone from the patient's leg and cutting a flap of skin from his body. Muscles were attached to the bone, so that the stump can be guided.

GLOOMY SERMONS

THE "Sunday School Times" tells of a very good preacher whose congregation could be recognized on the streets by their air of depression and mournfulness. Commenting on this the "Christian Guardian" says: "We wonder if preachers recognize what a crime it is to discourage their congregations. We were talking a few days ago with a good brother who told us that his pastor's sermons were frequently 'very discouraging.' Surely such a preacher ought to be pronounced a realization of what he is doing. People go to church for inspiration and cheer; there is depression enough in the world without the Church adding anything to it. Gloom is no aid either to health or religion."

A BRAVE PIPER

PRIOR to the assault on the German trenches in September, Piper Laidlaw, with absolute coolness, mounted the parapet during the worst of the bombardment, and played the regimental march of the King's Own Scottish Borderers. "Blue Bonnets Over the Border." The effect of his splendid example was immediate, and the company dashed out to the assault. Piper Laidlaw continued playing his pipes till he was wounded.

For this act of superb bravery the piper was awarded the V.C. In a published interview, Piper Laidlaw gave the circumstances under which the episode took place. "There was a light wind that morning," he said. "It was blowing a hank of gas towards the German trenches (the names follow), their high-explosive shells burst in its midst and sent it among our men. For a minute or two it had a bad effect on

my company; but in a flash Lieutenant Young sized up the situation, and, noticing I had my pipes, exclaimed, 'For God's sake, Laidlaw, pipe them together!' The brave piper is seen in our illustration playing the pipes in full view of the enemy."

THE FINAL BATTLE

WILL the present titanic conflict be settled within the boundaries of the Turkish Empire? That is the question raised by William Ellis in the Sunday School Times. He is of the opinion that the decisive battle will be fought in Bible lands.

"For months the march of the war has steadily been towards sacred soil (he says). Other battle-fronts have diminished in importance, while the alignment in the storied regions about the Mediterranean has grown more tense and critical. One or two experts have even ventured to declare that the final battle will be in Syria itself, where Djemal Pasha's great army—more than twenty-five thousand strong—is the one best unit of the Turkish host."

"Should the Allies join battle in Palestine proper, it might easily be on the storied plain of Esdraelon, with the heights of Mt. Carmel, and its memories of Elijah and the priests of Baal, looking on. Between the plain of Esdraelon and the plain of Sharon stands Megiddo, where the excavators have found fortifications dating back two millenniums before the Christian era; and where, according to the vision of the Apocalypse, the last great battle of Armageddon is to be fought."

TO PRESERVE LINOLEUM

WHEN oilcloth or linoleum is first laid, apply a coating of varnish or shellac, and it will last much longer. In scrubbing the surface of these materials the colour and design are worn away, as well as by the usual wear of walking on them, but the coat of varnish forms a protection and preserves the colours. It is only necessary to apply a coat of varnish from time to time to keep them in good condition.



Piper Daniel Laidlaw, of the 7th K.O.B. Playing His Pipes in the Attack at Ypres

A VAGRANT'S VAGARIES

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

The main character of this story, whose identity is hidden under the name of Jack Rogers, runs away from home when a youth of seventeen, and for a time works on a farm. He grows discontented, and decides to seek a speedier path to fortune. Reaching London (Ontario) he is robbed of all he possesses, but resolves to walk to New York. The first chapter deals with happenings as far as Niagara Falls. Going on to Tonawanda he takes refuge in a barn from a passing shower. Here he is discovered by Andy O'Callahan, the proprietor of a hotel and dance hall, who offers him a job. He accepts it, but gets frightened away a week later by "Red Tim," who threatens to "do for him" because he would not steal from his boss. He takes the road to Buffalo, where he meets with Steve Madick and Dan Shields in a cheap lodging-house.

CHAPTER V.

IN RED TIM'S SALOON

THE room we entered was a lodge one, with perhaps forty iron cots placed close together all around the sides. Each of us started to look for our beds. Mine was No. 12, but on reaching it, I discovered that it already contained an occupant. Remembering the advice given by the proprietor, I neatly tipped the fellow out on the floor, where he lay for several minutes, using most profane language. At length, he slowly got up and from the look in his eye I knew that trouble was coming.

"Are you the skunk what did that?" he asked.

"This is my bed, and you had no right in it," I said. "Go and find your proper place."

His only reply was to strike savagely at me. I dodged the blow, and believing in the military precept that the best defense is to take the offensive, I hit him in the face as hard as I could and jumped back to be ready for him again. It was only due to the fact that the man was in a terribly drunken condition that I escaped a severe mauling that night—for I was told afterwards that he was quite a fighter, and could thrash any two men of ordinary size.

As I was practically a lad, and had not yet attained to my full growth and strength, and my opponent was a husky labourer, with hardened muscles and of huge frame, the fight might have gone against me even as it was, had not Dan and Steve come to the rescue on seeing me trying to hold my own against him.

"Here, leave the lad alone!" said Dan, giving my opponent such a vigorous shove that he lost his balance and went sprawling on the floor.

Just then the proprietor came rushing in. "Here, quit this!" he called out. "I'll have no fighting in my place. Dick, you get to your bed, it's No. 32."

And he hustled the drunken man off and pushed him onto his proper cot, where he soon went off into a deep slumber once more.

"I'm always having trouble with that fellow," growled the proprietor. "I'd forbid him coming here at all. If he wasn't one of Red Tim's men, but no one around here can afford to get out with that gent."

"Add, now, who is this scoundrel?"

Being the Experience of a one-time Hobo, who sought Adventure and Fortune. He found both, but not the kind he thought

Red Tim that he has got the whole neighbourhood scared of him?" asked Dan.

"Oh, you'll find out soon enough if you stay around here long enough," said the proprietor. And sure enough we did.

Nothing else occurred that night to mar the peace, and I enjoyed a long and sound sleep. In the morning I and my two friends discussed ways and means of obtaining food, which was our most immediate and pressing necessity. I saw Dan eyeing my overcoat, and knowing what was in his mind I took the initiative in making the proposal that I should pawn it.

to get more I took what he offered and went back to my two pals.

We all had a real good breakfast that morning for twenty cents apiece, which left us with but forty cents as our total capital.

"Our fortunes are certainly at a low ebb just at present," remarked the philosophic Dan, "but time and again I have proved that when matters seemed at their worst, something always turned up to save the situation. I call to mind, for instance, an experience I had in San Francisco some years previous to my Florida adventure."

"I had thrown up a good job with a big winning concern in Texas



"Apologize to that lady!" I shouted, "or I'll punch your head!"

"A good suggestion, Jack," said Dan, "I see you are a young man of resource. Well, the days are getting warmer now, and you will need it to much. And, at any rate, it is better to sacrifice a garment than to get so thin that you are unable to support its weight. So lie this off to 'Gladie's' and we will take a seat in the public square up yonder and wait with what patience we can for your re-appearance."

So I went in search of the sign of the three golden balls and very soon came across it.

"Advance me a couple of dollars on this, will you?" I said to the man behind the counter, handing him my overcoat.

He examined it critically. "One dollar," he said enviously.

"Oh, come on," I said; "that's not enough."

"One dollar" was his only reply.

And as I really had not expected

away, horse, with a frightened girl in the rig behind, trying vainly to check it. Dashing out of the crowd, I put on my top speed, and as the crowd galloped by I caught the thief close by the bit and hung on. Very soon I brought the animal to a standstill and then, seeing that the girl was in no fit state to continue driving, I jumped up into the seat beside her and drove to the address she told me.

"I tell you, she cracked me up to her father as a hero of the first water, and the old man showed his gratitude by giving me a job as assistant at one of his stores. So that's how I got out of one bad corner."

"That story doesn't seem quite complete," I said. "It ought to end up with your marrying the girl and being happy ever after."

"Ah, well, all stories don't end up quite like that," said Dan; "but, written yet, and I never know what might happen."

"Your chances of a brilliant marriage on your present income don't seem very great," I observed.

"Jack, my boy, I am still an optimist," said Dan; "stranger things have happened in real life than were ever told in a story. In spite of the depleted state of my exchequer at the present moment, I still hope to retrieve my fortunes, and I have several plans in my mind for us three making a good many dollars. And money makes money, you know. Let me once get a start with a capital of only ten dollars, and I will soon see another ten to rub against it. My experience is that it takes a tremendous lot of hard luck to knock all the hope out of a man. So, courage, my friends, let us stick together through thick and thin, and I assure you it will come out on top. Now, your hand on it."

And we all three solemnly shook hands in solemn that we henceforth were true allies in every future enterprise.

It appeared that Dan's plans were to be worked out in New York, with which city he was well acquainted, and our first objective, therefore, was to get there as quickly as possible.

"Well, hang around till dark," said Dan, "and then watch our chance to jump a freight."

So we passed the day in a leisurely walking around, and in a visit to the public library.

Along towards three in the afternoon I suggested that we should call in at a free lunch saloon and get a bite to eat. This we did, and after getting up a good long lunch, we sat sipping our coffee and talking.

Then some one came into the saloon whom I had seen before. It was that saloon regular, the devoted for acquaintance of nine that afternoon.

It was The Salvation Army lassie that had been offered me by a contracting firm in Los Angeles. But, as luck would have it, I had no sooner arrived in the town than a rival company, who for by means of bribing officials had got all the contracts awarded to itself, and the concern I was identified with got busted up.

"Failing to get a job with the rival firm, I struck the trail for 'Prison,' and hung around for several days, trying to get work. As I was always pretty free with my money, when I had any, I soon got spent out, and then had to walk the streets, homeless and hungry. I had never been down quite so low before, and I was feeling pretty blue over it. Then something happened which changed my fortunes."

Hearing a great shouting on the street one day, I ran to see what was the matter. Along came a

crowd like this to sell her papers. I hope nobody insults her."

Just then a side-door opened and two men appeared—the last ones that I could have wished to meet. They were Red Tim and the man who had been with him at Tonawanda.

He had been drinking heavily, I think, and was in a very bad temper over something. Catching sight of the Army lassie he roared to her to get out of his place, calling her by a most vile name.

This immediately aroused all the glib feelings within me, and I sprang to my feet and rushed across the room till I was only an arm's length from Red Tim. My fear of him seemed to have completely vanished in the emotions of the moment.

"Apologize to that lady at once!" I shouted wrathfully, "or I'll punch your head!"

Red Tim stared at me in surprise.

Then a look of recognition came over his features.

"Argh! 'Is the young chicken I thought to punch at Andy's," he said. "Well, I promised you a bathin' tub, and now I'll make good my word. Little him, eh, Mike? And Andy's got a chance for a dandy snip!" And he signalled to his companion to start the racket.

When I observed I afterwards learned, was a professional pugilist, who acted as a bodyguard to his master, adored towards me menacingly, whilst the saloon crowd gathered round in expectation of some good fun.

But there came an unexpected interruption. In between us rushed the Army lassie, and falling on her knees, she started to offer to a priest. "God soften these men's hearts!" was all that I heard.

Then Red Tim did a deed that revealed all the blackness of his evil heart, and made all the men in the place who were not utterly lost to all sense of shame, cry out against him.

He kicked the lassie kneeling there in the sawdust, and with many oaths and insults roughly laid her back on her feet.

"Upon witnessing this I got white hot with anger, and fairly flew at Red Tim, striking him with all my force between the eyes. But his man was soon upon me, and I received such a stunning blow under the left ear that I felt helpless to the floor."

For the next few minutes the saloon was in a terrible uproar. I have a confused recollection of seeing Steve rush at the man who had knocked me down. Then I heard Red Tim calling on his bartenders and others about the place who were in his pay, to clear the room. Steve told me afterwards that he got knocked off his feet in the rush, and was then picked up by two of Tim's men and pitched bodily out onto the sidewalk.

Only two or three of the other men present dared to make an open protest against Tim's brutality, and they were speedily hustled outside, and when they would be good for their health if they made themselves scarce.

Red Tim then turned his attention to me. "So you're the fellow who faced boy what give me cheek ever to Andy, eh? Sure you have soon followed me to Buffalo. How much did you lift off Andy afore yer left? I'll bet yer lierd yer pockets well. Ye thaft, ye man thaft. Ye hypocritical scoundrel and yer honest-looking face and yer lying tongue. Not a word, now; not a word! It's in jail yer ought to be, and that's where I'll put you, Argh, me boy, ye'll have to learn the many more that 'tis a bad day for anyone when they get in the bad books of Red Tim. Ring up the police, Barney, and tell 'em to send the patrol wagon down. We can't

have such disparate scoundrels as this at large about the premises."

You're the biggest scoundrel around here," I said, "and when I lay information about you kicking that girl, the police will nab you, too."

"Hear him, hear him!" laughed Tim; "did yer ever hear such an accomplished liar? Why, every gentleman in the room is ready to swear that yer brutally assaulted me for refusing to give yer more drink on account of yer having too much already. Haven't I the marks on me to prove it? Isn't that so? Is there anyone here that says different?"

There was a dead silence.

"It's quite true about your having the marks," I at length said, "and I only wish I'd given you more, but as for the rest, you and everyone here know quite well it's an infamous lie!"

"What I see goes here," said Tim with a vicious leer; "dye think I should be afraid of Andy's lie? I'll tell yer him like yer against the word of all these gentlemen here? Come on, drink up, boys, have one on me all of yer!"

Then a man stepped forward whom I recognized as my opponent of the night before.

"This is the same chap as made a vicious assault on me last night," he said; "I've got a score to settle with him, too. I kin testify that he's a dangerous character and a man of violent temper."

"Good for yer, Dick!" said Tim; "you'll be the star witness then in this case. Here, treat yerself to a cigar—'It's a generous man yer'll find me, when yer get on me right side."

I began to see that I stood not the ghost of a chance against these two men, and made all the men in the place who were not utterly lost to all sense of shame, cry out against him.

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Young People's Campaign CALENDAR OF EVENTS, JANUARY, 1916 Salvation Army Citadel, 200 State Street

Date	Event	Time	Place
Jan. 1	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 2	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 3	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 4	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 5	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 6	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 7	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 8	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 9	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 10	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 11	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 12	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 13	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 14	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 15	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 16	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 17	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 18	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 19	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 20	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 21	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 22	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 23	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 24	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 25	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 26	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 27	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 28	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 29	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 30	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel
Jan. 31	Special V.P. Entertainment	7:30	Salvation Army Citadel

The above very attractive programme of events is published in full in our columns as a good sample of what can be done in every Corps with a little foresight and good management. We congratulate Adjutant and Mrs. Ritchie (Ottawa 13) on their enterprise, and hope to receive good reports as to the success of the Campaign at their Corps.

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